

A
V O Y A G E
T O
I P S W I C H,

A Narrative

P O E M.

INTERSPERS'D

With diverse Sentiments on HAPPINESS,
WEALTH, POWER, PROVIDENCE, LIBERTY,
and the Nature of FREE ELECTIONS.

Including Two PROLOGUES,
One in Praise of COMMERCE,

The other
In Honour of Admiral VERNON,
spoken at the Playhouse in *Ipswich*,

R By the AUTHOR, W. PAGET, COMEDIAN.

With a PREFACE address'd to the Impartial.

I P S W I C H,

Printed by W. C. for the AUTHOR, 1741.



ERRATA.

IN the second Line of the viiith Page of the Preface, *for* 4th Page, *read* 7th. Page the 10th, the last Line of the Triplet, *for* of, *read* a. The last Line of the 29th Page, *for* his, *read* with.

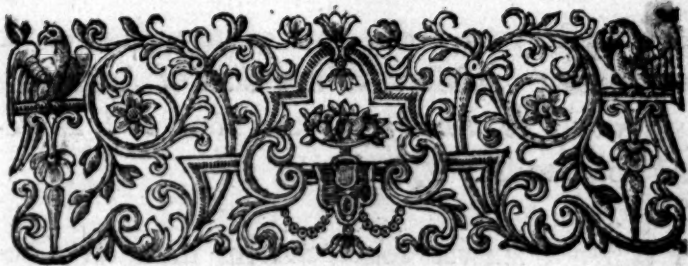


By the Author, W. PAGET, Canadian.

With a Preface addressed to the Imperial.



Printed by W. C. for the Author, 1871.



THE
P R E F A C E
A D D R E S S 'D
To the I M P A R T I A L.

GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES,



Have the Honour to be acquainted with but very few of you, yet I flatter my self, you will all excuse this Freedom. I think I am a Branch of your Family, but rather from your known Candor and Goodness, than the Presumption of my Relation, am I encourag'd to beg your favourable Consideration of the following Poem.

B

The

The best Proof I can give of my Kindred to you, is, that the Motto of my Coat of Arms (*Do as you would be done by,*) is the same as I apprehend yours to be.

I will not answer for the Arms themselves being the same, it may have been quarter'd with other Coats, and perhaps receiv'd some Blots in its 'Scutcheon.

My Father indeed has confess'd so much; at the same time, I have heard him say very few Descendants of the original Family were now living, though many had the Presumption to use the Arms with no better a Title than himself: The Motto however he assur'd me was genuine, advis'd me to make it my constant Study, and consider it as a most virtuous Maxim, difficult to be understood, but more difficult to practise.

Amongst many Rules for rightly understanding this Motto, I remember he advis'd me to place myself in their Circumstances when I would judge of the Actions of others; and when I would scrutinize my own, consider how such a Conduct and Behaviour would appear to me in them; warning me to shun a Byas either way, for, as he justly observ'd, Partiality was natural to ourselves, and it was very difficult to know the Force of those

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those Motives which were but imaginary with us and really affected others.

Pardon me, Gentlemen and Ladies, for troubling you with my Father's Advice to me; you may think of it as you please, not being under the same Obligation to regard it as myself: If the Consideration of it, should incline you to excuse me for attempting the Character of an Author, I have in some measure obtain'd my End: However, I do assure you, no vain conceit of my Abilities urg'd me to this Task; I was rather dissuaded from it by a just Sense of the Difficulty of good Writing, especially the poetical kind; yet, nevertheless, having ventur'd to publish, you will (I hope) by placing yourselves in my Circumstances, easily discover the principal Motive that determin'd me,

Upon such a Supposition, I apprehend it for my Interest, to address myself to you, Gentlemen and Ladies, who are remarkable for your good Nature and Humanity. Yet give me leave to offer something besides by way of Apology for this Piece in general, or at least for some particular Parts.

I don't know whether I shall not be charg'd, in the first Place, with disregarding my Father's Ad-

vice, and not examining myself sufficiently, when I insinuate in the 16th Page, that the utmost of my Ambition would be to have one hundred Pounds a Year. But my Answer is, I wish I had the Tryal. I would accept of the Favour, upon stricter Conditions than were prescrib'd to that poor Peasant, who, (as the Story goes, complaining that his Misery was owing to the Misconduct of *Adam*) was taken from an indigent laborious State, and plac'd in Affluence; having at a plentiful Table, one cover'd Dish only, which he was forbid to examine, yet could not be he satisfisd till he had look'd into it; when, to his great surprize, away ran a silly Mouse; which, when known to his Patron he was made to pay dearly for his Curiosity, and to his Sorrow reduc'd to his former Condition, where he might find work enough to reflect upon himself, and not be so free with *Adam* any more,

This Story may be applicable enough to the Nature of Mankind, and perhaps serve as an Excuse for our Father *Adam*, and sometimes, telling a Story is better than giving a Reason, I shall only infer from it, that most of our cover'd Dishes when inspected, perhaps give as little Satisfaction as this did the Peasant, and though he, and his Father *Adam* could not refrain the forbidden Food, it may be consider'd that Experience makes Fools,
Wise;

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Wife; perhaps had either of 'em been try'd again they would have known better.

Those who have been exercis'd in Disappointments, and are as it were grown Veterans in Troubles and Calamities of Mind and Body, who have often found that enlarg'd Expectations afford but narrow Comforts, may (I think) upon Supposition of having common Understanding, be allow'd to judge what is sufficient with good OEconomy to furnish 'em with all that is necessary and convenient,

I shall attempt no farther Apology for this suppos'd Exception, but speak of the Incidents of the Poem. Those I assure you Gentlemen and Ladies are Facts; and though I am aware it may be said that pleasant Fiction is more entertaining than dull Truth, yet I chose (perhaps to save the Charge of Invention, at which I am not very ready) to build upon those Incidents that really occur'd to me in my Passage. For this Reason I have styl'd it a Narrative Poem; though perhaps it differs from most of that kind, as they have generally something facetious in their Composition.

If the want of this be an Imperfection, it must be imputed to my present Constitution, which has been, ever since some considerable Misfortunes I
have

have met with, especially the Privation of my Sight, complain'd of in the 4th Page, inclinable to the Melancholy and Phlegmatick; this too may serve as an Excuse for the contemplative Faculty I am so ready to give myself in the Poem, without which it wou'd (upon this narrative Plan) have been much shorter, except I had been endow'd with a better Genius. But here I confess my Weakness, and if you Gentlemen and Ladies meet with any thing of that kind which deserves Approbation, it must be ascrib'd, rather to a Conversation with, and a delight in Poetry, than to a natural Fancy.

As to the Diction, I own it is the best I was able to Form, and very often with no little Pains.

The Sentiments have the same sort of Merit as the Incidents, Those being sincere as These are true; but a Man may reason very sincerely, and yet very ill, so I must leave 'em both to your Candor.

But perhaps it may be objected, I have taken Occasion from the Incident of the Mole, Page 21, to Reason upon a Subject more becoming a Divine than a Player, but I presume, Thinking is not confin'd to any particular Set or Profession of Men, and I take it to be as considerable a Part of ours, as most others; nay, indeed Thinking is every

every Man's Business, or ought to be, especially upon Subjects of the last Moment, but though it is my Lot now to be of this Profession, I was not design'd for a Player, and this a great many that I know, I suppose will be ready enough to admit. However that be, I have been conversant from my Youth with the Bible, and I find it is my Duty as well as Inclination, to endeavour at understanding the Religion of my Country.

It is an invaluable Blessing, that our Civil and Ecclesiastical Government permits us the Exercise of our Faculties, that we are not oblig'd to an implicit Faith, but allow'd to search the Scriptures, and try to reconcile to ourselves those seeming Contradictions we meet with there.

I have been much surpriz'd and delighted with some Passages in the pious and learned Bishop *Taylor's* Treatise of the Liberty of Prophecyng : Where this Reverend Prelate says to this Effect, *viz.*

“ A wise Man, who considers sacred Literature,
 “ who reflects upon the many Copies, infinite Variety of Readings, who knows that some Places
 “ have a Literal, others a Spiritual, Mystical or
 “ Allegorical Meaning, who considers the Tropes,
 “ Metonymies, Ironies, Hyperboles, Proprieties
 “ and Improperities of Language, who knows
 “ that

“ that the ordinary Means of expounding Scrip-
 “ ture by searching Originals, Conference of Places,
 “ Parity of Reason and Analogy of Faith are all
 “ dubious, uncertain and very fallible. Why such
 “ a Man will be very far from Confidence, be-
 “ cause all these and many more, are so many
 “ Degrees of Improbability and Uncertainty, all
 “ depressing our Certainty of finding out Truth,
 “ in such Mysteries, and amidst so many Difficul-
 “ ties.” *And farther he says,* “ All these coming
 “ into question submit themselves to Reason, to be
 “ judg’d upon the best Information our Under-
 “ standing can receive; and of that, every Man
 “ for himself is to take Cognizance, if he be able
 “ to judge, if he be not, he is not bound under
 “ any tie of Necessity to know any thing of it.”

Another Reverend and approv’d Divine of our
 Church, the excellent Archbishop *Tillotson*, in his
 Rule of Faith, after having shewn the Weakness
 of oral Tradition, admitted the various Readings
 of the Scripture, and confess’d there was no know-
 ing which of those various Readings was the true
 one, but by probable Conjecture; says thus, *viz.*

“ We will suppose then, that about the time
 “ that universal Ignorance, and the genuine Daugh-
 “ ter of it, (call her *Devotion* or *Superstition*,) had
 “ overspread the World, that one or more of the
 “ most

“ most eminent then in the Church, either out of
 “ Design or superstitious Ignorance and Mistake of
 “ the Sense of our Saviour’s Words, us’d in the
 “ Consecration of the Sacrament, *This is my Body,*
 “ &c. should maintain their Meaning to be literal;
 “ such a Doctrine was likely to be advanc’d by
 “ the ambitious Clergy of that Time, as a proba-
 “ ble Means to draw in the People to a greater
 “ Veneration of them, &c. nor was such a Doc-
 “ trine less likely to take, or prevail among the
 “ People, in an Age prodigiously Ignorant, and
 “ strongly inclin’d to Superstition, and thereby
 “ well prepar’d to receive the grossest Absurdities
 “ under the Notion of Mysteries. That for the
 “ Contradictions contain’d in this Doctrine, it was
 “ but telling the People then (as they do in effect
 “ now) that Contradictions ought to be no Scruples
 “ in the Way of Faith, that the more Impossible
 “ any Thing is, ’tis the fitter to be believ’d, &c.
 “ and that it is the Way to oblige God Almighty
 “ for ever to us, to believe flat and downright
 “ Contradictions, &c. and that though they be
 “ contrary, yet they are the same.”

I have produc’d these two Authorities, as Argu-
 ments for the Use of our Understanding in esta-
 blishing a reasonable Faith, and to shew that where
 any Passages in Scripture seem to contradict a de-
 monstrable

monstrable Truth, we ought to search for some other Meaning than that which at first view they are apt to convey. It would be in vain for me to attempt what the two great Divines above quoted were not able to determine, that is, how it comes to pass that the Scriptures are liable to such different Interpretations, and have so many mystical, allegorical, and ironical Meanings, &c.

This may, I think, be said to be a demonstrable Truth ; That the Power and Providence of God is Universal ; a Truth which no good or wise Man can deny ; and that nothing is more ridiculous than to say he exercises them by halves. Yet the Doctrine of other Powers operating contrarily has been taught, and Volumes of inconsiderate Jargon wrote to support an Impossibility. For, wherever Power is lodg'd, be it in an Angel, Dæmon, Spirit, Genius, in any Part of Matter, visible or invisible, still it is a created Being, whose Powers and Faculties depend upon its Creator, and therefore it is impossible for such a Being to effect any Thing contrary to his Designs.

If a Creature be made Instrumental to any Purpose, yet still the Spring of Action is in the first Mover ; were it in the Creature, with what Colour of Truth could we Talk of Prescience and Providence

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dence. These Attributes are (in my Opinion) inseparable, though great Pains have been taken to make them distinct; for Foresight depends upon some natural Principle or Impulse, tending unavoidably to produce such and such Actions and Events, and implies only that God sees all his Providence design'd.

Contingency is an Idea proper to finite Beings, and means, that, for any thing we are able to see, Events may happen this or that way; but still they are and must be determin'd by some secret Power in the Nature of Things, known only to the God of Nature, Disposer of all.

This appears to me to be the Doctrine of the Scriptures, and if there be any Texts which seem to contradict it, I submit, and leave the Reconciliation to those Gentlemen whose immediate Business it is, contenting myself with believing that it must be owing to our false Interpretation, Conception, and Ratiocination.

I should not have offer'd so much in Defence of this Part of the Poem, had I not been apprehensive of the most Exceptions being taken to it; but you, Gentlemen and Ladies, will excuse me (I hope) for I confess it is a Subject delights me, and

I could willingly answer whatever Objections I conceive may be made to it, but for fear of being too prolix shall say no more.

If any of my Sentiments should not tally with the common Notions of these Subjects, I profess I design'd no Offence. I wrote without a Bias, with a view to Truth, and according to my best Conception at present.

Whenever I see good Reasons for altering my Opinion, I shall do it.

The same Answer may serve for those who imagine I strain a Point in favour of the present Ministry, Page 38, 39. But I had no secret Views, and therefore may be suppos'd impartial: Were I in the Administration, perhaps I should be able to satisfy myself whether I had conjectur'd right or not.

I expect the fewest Exceptions to the Conclusion of my Poem, though perhaps it may not be so pertinently introduc'd.

All Parties justly agree in celebrating that great Man who has done so much for the Honour and Interest of his Country; and the Applause given
to

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to the PROLOGUE when it was spoke, convinc'd me it was not owing so much to the Merit of the Poetry, as the Justice of the Compliment, and the Pleasure with which the Audience were apt to receive the least grateful, though unworthy Offering to their Darling VERNON. I beg Pardon for these Apologies, and, submitting to your Candor,

I am,

GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES,

Your most obedient,

most oblig'd, and

most devoted

humble Servant,

W. PAGET.

A VOY-

is the subject which was before the
and it was owing to the fact that the
society, as the subject of the Convention, and the
leading with which the audience were apt to
receive the half hour, and the worthy G.
being to the point of view, I beg
to thank for their presence, and referring to

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A
 V O Y A G E
 TO
 I P S W I C H,
 A Narrative
 P O E M.



W H E N Phæbus with enliv'ning Warmth
 prevails,
 And hoary Winter's rigid Power fails,
 Whate'er He gains by Night is lost by Day,
 'Till quite subdu'd He yields his iron Sway :

Then,

Then, Sol's soft-influencing Scepter rules,
 Unbinds imprison'd Rivers, Lakes and Pools,
 No scorching Rays he darts, as on the Line,
 But shedding softer Beams, does mildly shine.

Blithe cleanly Milk-Maids hornpipe measures beat,
 And sweat beneath their Piles of borrow'd Plate.

Faintly begins to bloom the damask Rose,
 Whose lov'd extream the Lilly's Beauty shews.

The springing Flowers rise from verdant Beds,
 And op'ning Blossoms general Odour spreads ;
 Late-sprouted Buds are spreading Leaves become,
 And dress Aurora in a pleasing Gloom.

The lovely Warblers of the shady Grove
 Or hatch, or nurse the Products of their Love ;
 While Ducklings tempt the Pond and swim at large,
 Their Foster-Nurse stands frighted on the Verge :

Such

Such num'rous Broods the Farmer's Orchard fill,
 That Chanticleer is chaste against his Will;
 Yet oft the Ravisher, in impious Strife,
 Compells by Force th' Embraces of his Wife:
 Say, wicked Varlet, for what potent Cause
 Dar'st thou presume to spurn at Nature's Laws?
 Partlet was taught from thence it was unjust,
 But you must tread her Honour in the Dust,
 And impudently plead the Law of Lust.

At this gay Season of the genial Year,
 When all like new Creation does appear,
 I quit the Town, the Seat of Noise and Strife,
 To taste the Pleasures of a rural Life.

Close by the *Orwell* Stream, which laves the Sands,
Ipswich, my destin'd Habitation, stands;

By various Passages it courts resort,
 By Land or Sea you reach the wish'd for Port :
 Me best the watry Element invites,
 Promising new and unexplor'd Delights.

First down the silver *Thames* we softly glide,
 Before the Southern Wind and ebbing Tide,
 Till, by insensible, but sure degrees,
 We gain a View of the capacious Seas.

Here, at the Nore, just op'ning to the Main,
 Tall Ships in safety ride the watry Plain,
 These burthen'd with the dreadful Stores of War,
 And those with Treasure freighted from afar,
 Make Peace and Plenty from the Ocean smile,
 And shew the Strength and Commerce of our Isle.

All

*All-fruitful Commerce! Source of War and Peace,
 Parent of Arts and Parent of Increase :
 In thy vast Circle mighty Kingdoms move,
 Like Planets turning in their Spheres above.

He should like *Phidias* paint, like *Pindar* climb,
 Who shews the Grandeur of thy Theme sublime.
 Blest with thy Bloom, eternal Spring resides,
 And distant Products float on *British* Tides.

Old *Thames*, supreme amidst Profusion, charms,
 And holds both *Indies* crouded in his Arms.
 Each burthen'd Flood sustains a plenteous Store,
 And having lodg'd it, quits the grateful Shore,
 Which back again returns its own Produce,
 A richer Freight consign'd to foreign Use.

* The PROLOGUE spoken on Commerce begins at this Line
 and concludes the next Page.

Thou, Commerce, may'st the Stars thy Pilots boast,
 Each Haven is thy Inn, each Prince thy Host ;
 Kings are but Tenants to thy Farms and thee,
 O glorious Commerce, Landlord of the Sea.
 Thy Stores diffusive make all Nations smile,
 Thou art to every Clime a second Nile.
 When Winter blasts the Beauties of the Year,
 Thou bring'st the Spring of other Countries here,
 The Sun may there with warmer Influence shine,
 We share the golden Fruit, the purple Vine.
 Each Climate is thy own, thy Wings the Sails,
 The Oars thy Arms, thy Breath soft Zephyr's Gales,
 High on the Helm, enthron'd amidst the Waves,
Britannia other Kingdoms proudly braves.
 The Seas alike her and the Earth surround,
 And like the World her Commerce knows no Bound.
Amidst

Amidst these huge Machines of Power and Pride

Our lowly Bark does now securely ride :

So humble Cottages upon the Land,

By stately Palaces do often stand.

Now o'er the glassy Deep, serenely bright,

In solemn Silence shines the Queen of Night,

While every Passenger with ravish'd Eye,

Beholds the calmed Sea, and calmer Sky,

And on the pleasing, awful Prospect gaze,

Their wonder speaks the great Creator's Praise.

But me alas ! to whose imperfect Sight

The Moon, or Sun, affords but feeble Light,

One dark'ned Optick quite excludes the Day,

And one but faintly feels its piercing Ray :

All distant Objects seem in Mists to me,

Alike is Beauty and Deformity.

To

To me the strong Affections of the Mind,
 Seen in the Countenance of Human kind,
 Or Joy, or Grief, or Anger, or Surprise,
 A Smile, or Frown, ——— alike affect my Eyes :
 From Contemplation flows my chief Delight ;
 Which almost balances Defects of Sight.

Favour'd by Solitude, and free from Noise,
 Now pregnant Fancy forms Ideal Joys,
 And kindly entertains my ravish'd Breast,
 While all the Bark besides retire to rest.

Delightful Month, (said I) how Calm ! how
 Clear !
 Fairest and best, in the revolving Year ;
 How Still ! how Temperate ! how Cool ! how
 Warm !
 A Breeze thou feel'st, but rarely know'st a Storm:
 Hunger

Hunger and Cold, which with united Force
 Combine so oft to make a wretched Coarse,
 Their dreadful Union now dissolv'd by Thee,
 The Poor scarce feel th' Effects of Poverty ;
 What Wealth denies, indulgent Nature grants,
 In part supplying naked Wretches Wants,
 Throws o'er their late pinch'd Bodies cold and
 bare,

A warm, unpurchas'd Garb of Southern Air.

How vastly disproportionate their Fate !

O how unequal to the Rich and Great,

Who feel no dire Extreame of Cold and Heat !

A warm Apartment, or a cool Recess,

Defends them from each violent Excess,

Baffling th' Effects of our inconstant Clime,

With Food and Raiment suited to the Time.

Minions

Minions of Fortune ! happy must you be,
 Shun but Intemperance and Luxury :
 But curst with Affluence some, so hard to please,
 Enjoyment yields no Joy, nor Quiet, Ease,
 From this, to that Extremity they go,
 In one continu'd Round of Noise and Show ;
 Viewing with envious Eyes the next in State,
 And will less happy be, because less great :
 Seeking Content, where yet 'twas never found,
 Ev'n when obtain'd,——another Thousand Pound ;
 For looking forward still, beyond himself,
 He wants more Happiness, that is, more Pelf.
 Mistaken, foolish Man ! who cannot see,
 Blest Abstinence, is great Conveniency,
 And makes Enough of Superfluity. }
 In little Compass Nature's Blessings are ;
 He's only Rich, who something has to spare.

This

This happy, heavenly, social cast of Mind,
 Bespeaks Benevolence to all Mankind;
 Well it becomes the Rich Man's hoarded Store,
 But who has much is craving still for more,
 And if Ambition, Lust, and Pride of Mind,
 To fordid, selfish Avarice are join'd,
 Each various Blessing of the Universe,
 In such a wretched State, becomes a Curse.
 He who enjoys, from slavish Passion clear,
 An Independent Hundred Pounds a Year,
 If bless'd with Health and good OEconomy,
 Is more at rest, and happier far than he.
 But, this, the Portion of a Mind content,
 And Wealth, without it, no equivalent,
 Enough, with Health is Happiness and Ease,
 All else are Gewgaws, Superfluities.

Ambition never yet a Bound did know,
 The *Macedonian* prov'd it long ago,
 Deluding Phantome, bane of inward Peace,
 Parent of Pomp and Show, and Care's increase,
 Thou o'er the Great do'st slavish Rule maintain,
 Attended by a gawdy, tinsel Train;
 Where sweet Contentment dwells thou dar'st not
 stay,
 Shameful, at Her Approach Thou wing'st thy
 way :
 She, lovely Goddess, ever pleas'd and free,
 With Peace and Prudence in her Company,
 Does rightly teach her Votary to live,
 Who from a little can a little give,
 Yet still Possessing as the Seasons veer,
 The various Blessings of the changing Year,

When

When Winter's frosty Hand o'erspreads the Ground,
 With chosen Books, or Friends, in Town he's found,
 Or, from the closer Studies of the Day,
 Retires at Eve to see a well-wrote Play :
 No Midnight Revels, Balls, or Masquerade,
 Invert his Slumbers, or his Rest invade,
 For never to Intemperance inclin'd,
 His Body's Sound, and Tranquill is his Mind.

When warmer Summer calls for a Retreat,
 He seeks Retirement at his little Seat,
 Explores the Joys of solitary Fields,
 And all the Charms that Contemplation yields.
 Tho' all around no human Sound he hears,
 Yet Nature's Musick strikes his wondring Ears,
 Her Voice to him in silence speaks around,
 Speaks from the lofty Skies and lowly Ground :

Sweet is the Sound and charming is the Theme,
 'Tis heard in every Breeze and purling Stream,
 In every flying Bird or flying Cloud,
 That thunders thro' the liquid Air aloud,
 God is the Theme of Nature's glorious Song,
 The Stars repeat it as they roll along,
 The Vallies echo with the chearful Voice,
 And in the solemn Truth the Hills rejoice,

Now o'er the Meadows he securely strays,
 Now reads perhaps, now writes poetic Lays,
 While Nature dictates what he does indite,
 And all Creation rises to his Sight,

Nature's a fair Original, and he
 Who draws her well, must all her Features see,
 Mark every Charm and love her Company,

Thus

Thus various Pleasures bless each shining Day,
 And Time on peaceful Pinions glides away,
 He sees rich Autumn crown the fertile Year,
 And ripening Crops of yellow Corn appear ;
 Then on the Wall which fronts the Southern Sun,
 The beauteous Apricock and Peach are shewn.
 Bunches of chust'ring Grapes appear to join,
 Which bend and almost hide the Parent Vine ;
 The burthen'd Orchards so profusely bear
 The Walnut, Apple, Mulberry and Pear,
 Their blending Branches gloom the pearly Air. }
 And now begins again the cooling Eve,
 And sharper Morn a chilling Air to breathe,
 Now agitating Winds invade the Sky,
 And hoary Frosts proclaim the Winter nigh,
 When He, as Nature shifts the rural Scene,
 Again with Books and Friends in Town is seen,
 But

But first, a well plac'd Bounty leaves behind,
 A Blessing to the lab'ring, virtuous Hind ;
 Tho' small the Gift, th' Effects do never cease,
 For Time and Industry give large Increase,
 Which to his num'rous Offspring does afford
 A plenteous, healthful, tho' a homely Board :
 Such Off rings cannot fail to meet Success,
 As Providence it self's concern'd to bless,

Pleas'd with my fancied Draft, I just began
 To wish myself this very happy Man,
 When lo, my Limbs confess a piercing Air,
 Which warns me to the Cabin to repair,
 Where wrapt in gentle Slumbers I remain,
 Until the Morn salutes our World again.
 No toasting Cups o'er Night inflam'd by Blood,
 No restless Dreams from indigested Food,
 Disturb'd

Disturb'd the Quiet of my soft Repose,
 But with a Mind serene and calm I rose.
 The Mariners in haste our Anchor weigh,
 Call'd by the turning Tide and op'ning Day.
 Forth from the dawning East the Golden Sun
 Appears, prepar'd his rapid Race to run,
 Who with Aurora brings a fanning Breeze,
 Which wafts us gently thro' the yielding Seas,

The skilful Pilot to the Leeward steers,
 And e'er Meridian *Harwich* Town appears.

The Breezes cease, we heave the Anchor o'er,
 Befriended by the swelling Surge no more,
 And in our little Skiff I reach the Shore,
 Survey the Place, enjoy a kind repast,
 And on the Land my way to *Ipswich* haste.

But

But, long had Phæbus pass'd his Mid-day Course,

Before I mount my sober hackney Horse.

At length set forth, I move an easy pace,

While Nature, smiling with a youthful Grace,

In gay Attire displays her lovely Face,

London, farewell, I cry'd, the Seat of Noise,

'Tis here the Soul a heav'nly Calm enjoys;

To rural Scenes, to rural Sweets I fly,

And view the Country with a ravish'd Eye:

Silence and Solitude here best conspire,

To raise by nat'ral Objects Fancy's Fire;

While cleans'd, in wholesome Air, from Dust and
Smoak,

Or now we hail the Plains, or Groves invoke,

Now view the Brow of some romantick Hill,

Enthron'd in Trees, while all around is still,

All

All but the murmurs of far-falling Streams,

Lulling soft Slumbers and poetic Dreams.

Here colour'd Fields, which in gay Landskips
rise,

Reveal Ten Thousand Beauties to my Eyes ;

Where various Nature in Profusion pours

Pure Sweets, embroider'd Robes, and painted
Bowers :

On ev'ry Side Mosaic Meads are seen,

Inlaid with Flowers, enamell'd o're the Green ;

Here Freedom, charming Goddess, peaceful dwells,

With simple Majesty, in quiet Cells ;

Within her Breast extatic Transport reigns,

Like softest Musick thro' the thrilling Veins.

Here the first Bards their Inspiration felt ;

'Twas here the antient God-like Heroes dwelt ;

In Shades *Apollo's* Muse, and *Orpheus* sung,
 And *Grecian* Groves with learned Echoes rung;
 Each Field was throng'd with Academic Youths;
 Each Hill resounded with *Athenian* Truths:
 To *British* Bards the Woods were sacred too,
 Where holy Druids liv'd con. I'd from View;
 Solemn their Shades, and from the hallow'd Oak,
 With Mystic Sound, tremendous Accents broke.
 In such Esteem were rural Scenes of old,
 Now chang'd for Greatness, and despis'd for Gold,
 Gold, thou false Idol of a fordid Age,
 For thee what Vot'ry's fight, what Kingdoms rage!
 For thee what Prayers ascend, what constant Vows!
 For thee the Merchant fights, the Statesman bows;
 All Sects unite, and worship at thy Shrine,
 And own thy glitt'ring Altar All-divine.

As thus revolving I move slowly on,
 Charm'd with the Musick of the vocal Throng,
 Lo ! running on the Surface of the Ground,
 With hasty Steps, tho' slow, a Mole I found ;
 Sudden, the little Tenant of the Earth,
 At my Approach, appears depriv'd of Breath ;
 From whence the Cause ? or to what End design'd ?
 This Fraud is common with the creeping Kind :
 As well the active Vermin as the slow,
 The nimble Spider, heavy Beetle too,
 Or squat, or roll, and motionless become,
 When touch'd, or hard beset, t'elude their Doom ;
 Conscious perhaps, and by this Maxim led,
 'Tis brutal Pow'r insults the helpless dead.
 All Being have a Right, thought I, to live ;
 'Tis wrong to take the Life we cannot give ;

This Axiom some admit, but more deny;
 Custom and Luxury its Force bely;
 The watchful Gard'ner, with too cruel Care,
 Sticks in the Ground for thee the springing Snare:
 Mistaken Man, alas ! I fighting said,
 What Property of thine does he invade ?
 If the light Earth upheaving he does raise,
 He kills the Vermine which on Herbage preys;
 And were thy Int'rest rightly understood,
 Thou'dst know he did thee lesser Hurt than Good;
 For sure great Nature nothing made in vain,
 Then live, I cry'd,----when lo ! the Wretch is slain;
 For as my Steed a luckless Motion made,
 His Hoof unbidden crush'd the Reptile dead.
 Chance unforeseen, not any Guilt of mine,
 Prevented thus a merciful Design.

But

But wherefore Chance ? inevitable Fate

This Moment destin'd for his latest Date.

What Chance appears to Us, must be Decree,

For Providence excludes Contingency.

Remember what in holy Writ we're told,

" Are not two Sparrows for a Farthing sold ?"

Yet, so extensive Providence is found,

Not one, without his Leave, shall fall to Ground.

And from the same Authority we know,

Of that we Evil call, He's Author too :

I say we call,——it must be understood,

Nought can proceed from God but what is Good.

" No Evil in the City, (it is said)

" But what the Lord himself hath done, or made.

Since all Things then resolve in Heaven's Will,

Respecting All, there's no such Thing as Ill;

But

But we, to solve the Difficulty, fly
 To most ridiculous Absurdity ;
 Impute to Heav'n such monstrous Defect,
 To say He purposes without Effect,
 He would that All enjoy a Happy Place,
 But Some, it seems, repell his Pow'rful Grace ;
 The Dev'l, or Man's Corruptions are too strong ;
 Tho' Grace maintains th' unequal Combat long.
 But is Grace giv'n sufficient to prevail ?
 Or does, before superiour Passion, fail ?
 Yet, as it's giv'n in great, or less Degrees,
 It still must operate as Heaven please.
 Like Clay subjected to the Potter's Skill,
 We're only Instruments of Heaven's Will.
 Is God then Cause of Unbelief or Pride ?
 Examine who did *Pharoah's* Passions guide ;
 Even

Even Actions that debase a Human Soul,

Perhaps are necessary in the Whole,

And may contribute, in a distant Sense,

To aid the Purposes of Providence.

In well drawn Pieces, how can Light be made,

Without its just inseparable Shade ?

Can Health without Disease be understood,

And, but for Evil, whence the Name of Good ?

Vice, in the Moral World, gives Virtue Light,

And both conspire to make the Picture right.

Storms, Earthquakes, Tempests, Floods, Pestiferous

Diseases, Slaughter, Want, and pining Cares, [Airs,

Nay each abhor'd and loath'd Impiety,

May Shade and Grace its Contrariety.

True, these Phænomena may pose the Mind ;

But 'cause we cannot see must God be Blind ?

He knows they are for Gen'ral Good design'd.

Whene'er

Whene'er 'tis given to a Human Soul,
 To see the strong Connections in the Whole,
 Know each Relation and Dependency,
 Finite shall comprehend Infinity.
 To say that God foresees, may pass for Sense :
 But that he does permit not Influence ;
 Questions his Goodness, sure, and Providence,
 But what does He permit ? or what foresee ?
 The Evil which should not, and yet must be ?
 Does He regardless view some Dev'lish Mind
 Despoil the goodly Order He design'd ?
 Behold some Power his Government annoy,
 And not exert His Power to Destroy ?
 What can by Power Infinite be meant,
 If Man, or Dev'l can frustrate God's Intent ?
 A pretty Maxim, rightly understood,
 Th' Almighty wou'd do better if he cou'd !

If ..

If, in the Whole of Things, 'tis possible,

Then God does certainly exclude all Ill :

If so, 'tis best, conclude it surely done ;

The Power that can't, is a defective one ;

To say He can, and will not, that implies

His Nature evil,——impious Surmize !

Sure no Religion, Law, or Custom, can

Destroy this plain, eternal Truth in Man,

(Which God by Reason fully has reveal'd,

Howe'er its Operations are conceal'd.)

Where boundless Pow'r and Wisdom do unite,

All must proceed from thence, and all be right,

“ In spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,

And thus the Mystery is understood,

By granting Ill with Man, with God is Good,

Is Vice and Virtue then but nominal ?
 What ! no Rewards or Punishments at all ?
 Be not so mercenary, or severe ;
 Heav'n in due time perhaps the Point will clear.
 Is Virtue's Service hateful, and so hard,
 That her Professors claim so great Reward ?
 Is Vice so charming, Wickedness such Gain,
 Nothing's equivalent but lasting Pain ?
 Virtue and Vice to Man alone relate,
 Are Punish'd, or Rewarded, by the State ;
 Yet should they often disregarded go,
 Do they no secret Pain or Pleasure know ?
 Virtue herself bestows her just Desert,
 A tranquil Bosom and a chearful Heart ;
 And Vice, howe'er disguis'd, as certainly
 Brings Discontent, Reproach, and Anarchy :

And

Vice is the Misery of ev'ry one,
And Virtue perfect Happiness alone,

Now Pain and Pleasure, Good and Ill, we find,
Are relative to All, besides Mankind,
Inspect the whole Creation round, and still
One Creature's Good, is found another's Ill;
Each private Being has his private Good,
Which often is maintain'd by shedding Blood;
Life is the private Good of ev'ry one,
And Dissolution all with Caution shun,
Each seeks his own Support the best he can;
Whole Hecatombs are sacrific'd to Man.
What Flights and Shoals do Birds and Fish devour!
The Weak becomes a Prey to stronger Power.
Behold the hungry Lion leaves his Den,
And from afar espies his awful Ken,

Some trembling Victim urgè his hasty Way,
 By Fear betray'd to fall an easy Prey;
 He strains his Talons, shakes his armed Head,
 And almost Roars the frighten'd Creature dead;
 Nor stays till Nature's Call be satisfy'd,
 And in a sanguine Stream his Jaws are dy'd.

Thus Pow'r, as it relates to Pow'r, is just;
 It has effected; ——— why? ——— because it must.
 Whatever is unable to attain
 Will never be, can no Existence gain.
 For Pow'r consider'd in the true Extent,
 Must always be determin'd by Event.
 All Pow'r is relative, the Chief and First
 Relates to All, therefore to All is just.
 From this dispensing, ample Fountain Head,
 Ten thousand thousand lesser Streams are fed,
 Which

Which run thro' Sympathy, or Apathy,
 And Ebb and Flow, like Currents from the Sea,
 Two proper Subjects do to Pow'rs belong;
 The one is acted, t'other acts upon;
 'Tis seen in Insects, Fishes, Birds and Brutes,
 In Plants and Metals, Minerals and Roots.
 When poisonous Diseases are afloat,
 Each potent Venom has its Antidote:
 The Magnet only seeks the yielding Steel,
 For Natures Foreign no Attraction feel.
 The Vine will ne'er the sturdy Oak embrace,
 Nor leave the Poplar for the Ivy's Place.
 Can Eloquence the senseless Ideot move?
 Or one fair Face Inspire a General Love?
 Friendship, that Cordial of the Human Mind,
 Those Views to which we're sep'rately inclin'd,
 Depend on Sympathies of diff'rent kind.

No

No gen'rous, social Maxim can controul
 The Pow'r that Wealth has o'er a fordid Soul,
 How great the Pow'r of Ignorance and Folly,
 Vain-glory, Pride, Suspicion, Melancholy,
 Of Health, of Sicknefs, Want, Trust, Joy and Grief,
 Of Fraud and Fashion, Party Rage, Belief;
 Enthusiastic Powers Religion rules,
 And Noise and Nonsense are the Pow'rs of Fools,
 When venal Bribery perverts the Laws,
 Whether shall Truth or Int'rest gain the Cause?
 Too pow'rful Int'rest, which does seldom fail,
 Where Honesty and Virtue can't prevail,
 That Pow'r which tends to Evil proves a Curse,
 And justly claims the hated Name of Force;
 'Twixt Force and Pow'r Distinction shou'd be
 made,
 As one compells, the other does perswade.

Such

Such who submit to lawless Passion's sway,
Are not Perswaded, but Compell'd t'obey.

By Prepossession to a vicious Taste,

The Mind is byas'd, Honesty debas'd,

And all Impartial, solid Reasoning past.

Counsels by Pow'rs perswasive are upheld,

But Force of Arms, are Powers for the Field.

These our Forefathers us'd, when furious Zeal

Not cleans'd, but stain'd with Blood the Common
Weal.

Freedom their Grand Pretence, yet but the Name

They fought for ; still their Slavery was the same,

And for an empty Fancy damn'd their Fame.

O Liberty ! thou Great ! thou chiefest Good !

So much admir'd, so little understood !

In vain I fear our baffled Reason try's

To reconcile thy Contrarieties.

The

For perfect Freedom in no State you'll find,
 Until Perfection be amongst Mankind;
 The purest Gold is not without Alloy,
 And Private Views too oft the Public Sway.

Whence is deriv'd the Public Liberty ?

If from the People, where the Choice is free,
 Then, what does Influence that Public Voice,
 Must sure destroy the Freedom of the Choice.
 When Voters void of Wants and Passions are,
 And Candidates no Favours have to spare,
 Th' unbyas'd Freeman then shall speak his Mind,
 And Representatives plead unconfin'd.

But were this Blessing granted to a State,
 Which ever yet has been deny'd by Fate,
 The best that can from hence expected be,
 Are diff'rent Sentiments with Honesty ;

And

And sure, unless the antient Proverb lies,
 More Geese than Swans there are; more Fools than
 This granted, then the Minor right may be, [wife.
 Tho' Custom gives it to Majority.
 But private Judgment must submit its Cause,
 Because Majority gives Force to Laws.
 Some Standard must be fix'd for what is True;
 Is Private Judgment right, and Publick too?
 Perhaps they may; but, to avoid Debate,
 Think, if you please, not act against the State,
 Whose private Sense the Publick's wou'd controul,
 Errs, in preferring Part before the Whole :
 For grant your Intellects superiour rise,
 And you're above your Neighbour mighty wife;
 From your own Model wou'd you form his Mind,
 And make him think like you? 'tis vastly kind,
 A Blessing God and Nature ne'er design'd.

H

Difference

Diff'rence in Judgment will be always known ;
 Let there be Diff'rence, not Diffension sown :
 Form this Distinction in your well-train'd Youth,
 'Twill lead the Way to Peace, perhaps to Truth.
 Peace is of Heav'nly Birth, and must be good ;
 The last Extremity is shedding Blood.
 Truth is the Aim and Object of the Mind ;
 Of all who search how few the Jewel find ?
 In diff'rent Opticks such Defects are known,
 Some for a Diamond take a Bristol Stone :
 Unhappy Choice ! say we of clearer Sight ;
 Unhappy, why ? it yields the same Delight,
 'Till too officious Judgment sets them right.
 None are by Choice to Ignorance inclin'd ;
 Error proceeds from a Distemper'd Mind :
 Truth is a Blessing in itself alone,
 And Falshood, Curse enough when once 'tis known.
Therefore

Therefore shall we with savage Cruelty
 Treat those who are not so much blest'd as we?
 All Sects, a happy State ! believe they're right ;
 And must th' unhappy wrong sustain their Spite ?
 Must Persecution, Malice, Hate ensue,
 Because this luckless Man dissents from you ?
 As justly may the Rich the Poor Man hate,
 Because he's not possess'd of an Estate.

In Church and State, Opinions widely Err,
 This does the Surplice, that the Cloak prefer,
 And now a Peace is best, and now a War.
 All rightly judge ;---all rightly judge ? how so ?
 O Yes they do,---they judge from what they know.
 Fancy, not Knowledge, governs ; grant me this ;
 Who sees by halves, will always see amiss.

If, in Grand Works, some Parts do uselefs seem,
The wise Artificer knows what they mean,
How all conspire to perfect the Machine.

But when the principal Materials change,
Shou'd not the Motions vary, 'twou'd be strange.

Thus Policy a different Aspect takes,
As Pride or Pique the Alteration makes.

He only who each clashing Int'rest knows,
Can tell when to Refrain, or when Oppose.

Who knows the Course, shou'd hold the Helm
and Steer,

For Rocks and Quick-sands seldom do appear,

Can Vulgar Wretches know the Nation's Good,

When their own Wants are seldom understood?

Each Cobler now shall wisely rule the Roast,

And damn the Ministry from Farthing Post;

Nay

Nay weighty Politicians, dignify'd,
 Becoming Popular thro' Pique or Pride,
 Arraign the Government for sad Defects,
 Altho' but Coblers in their Intellects;
 Turn Malecontents, cry Ruin is the End,
 Because perhaps they cannot Comprehend.

Great *Churchill* thus, in Counsel underwent
 The universal Censure of the Tent,
 When, diff'ring from the Chiefs who round him sat,
 He rul'd the Issue of their whole Debate,
 Refrain'd their Ardor to attack the Foe,
 Nay lets *Eugene* in discontentment go:
 But yet resolv'd before the rising Sun,
 By his Command the Battle is begun.
 The Victory obtain'd, the Chiefs request
 His Reason for dissenting from the rest,
 When

When He superior, answers, Friends and Peers,
 'Twas feign'd Dissent, and owing to my Fears.
 Your honest Hearts, I know, are firm and sound,
 Yet treacherous Spies in every Camp are found
 And had our Orders been too soon declar'd;
 The Foe had known them, and had been prepar'd;
 But now on easier Terms our Troops obtain
 A Conquest, bought with little Blood and Pain.
 This said, they all acknowledge it was Great,
 Admiring they applaud the just Deceit.

Hard Task, for Prudence so to gain her End,
 When, to delude a Foe, she blinds a Friend;
 Bearing the painful Charge of judging Ill,
 Altho' th' Event proclaims superior Skill:
 So works unerring Providence Divine,
 Tho' fightless Mortals murmur and repine.
 As

As such reflecting Thoughts my Soul delight,
 The twinkling Stars begin to shew their Light,
 The setting Sun was sunk beneath the Main,
 And Cynthia shines with borrow'd Beams again;
 The lonely Bird to his own Echo hoots,
 And thro' the Gloom a doleful Accent shoots;
 Sweet, afar off, the pensive Nightingale
 To vocal Woods tells her lamenting Tale.
 O blissful Bird! to live secure alone,
 And to the Moon and Stars repeat thy Moan,
 Wifest and sweetest of the tuneful Throng,
 Nature attends in silence to thy Song,
 What others shun is thy continu'd Choice,
 Nor Noise nor Envy interrupt thy Voice.
 As this I said, and upwards cast my Eye,
 Behold the dark'ning Towers in the Sky,
 Faintly inform me, wish'd for Ipswich night.
 Entering

Ent'ring the Town, a joyful Crowd appears,
 And chearful Peals of Bells salute my Ears ;
 Here, Flames from burning Piles ascend the Sky,
 There, grateful Luminations glad the Eye,
 While Glorious VERNON is the Gen'ral Cry.
 Curious I haste to know his wish'd Success,
 From whom alone our Country hopes Redress ;
 Find he had enter'd *Carthagena's* Port,
 Destroy'd her Fleet, Demolish'd every Fort,
 And was preparing (to his just Renown)
 To land his Forces and attack the Town.

O When could *England* boast of such a Chief !
 H' has done already what exceeds Belief.
 Go on Great Man ! Surprize and Conquer still,
 And let our Foes cry out Impossible,

Convicted,

Convicted and convinc'd, with aw'd amaze,
 Their Wonder speaks involuntary Praise :
 Thy Praise ! a Theme superior to my skill,
 A Subject worthy *Pope's* all-perfect Quill.
 But while you lead to Honour's swift pursuit,
 Forgive an humble Muse that can't be mute.
 Who sees Prophetic thy great Worth reveal'd,
 Which long, too long, in Darkness lay conceal'd :
 Thro' interposing Clouds it makes its Way,
 And breaks, refulgent with Celestial Day.
 Great Souls blaze out with their own native Light,
 Tho' Fortune frown and Envy wrecks her Spite.
 Go on, unrival'd Darling of our State,
 Bless'd substitute of *Britain's* happy Fate :
 Go on, and emulate the *Roman* Name,
 And stand the First within the Book of Fame.

* When *Rome* the tributary World control'd,
 Prudent in Counsel, as in Action Bold,
 Then every Age some shining Genius shew'd,
 Whose Patriot Breast with Warlike Ardor glow'd,
 Tyrants were taught to quit their savage Course,
 And Slaves, to Freedom drawn by gentle Force :
 Their Minds, as Arts and Sciences arise,
 The Charms of Liberty no more despise.
 Who can describe mysterious Liberty ?
 By Bounds enlarg'd, and in Confinement free,
 Courting Subjection, shunning Slavery.
 Compleat the Rules, her Subjects little want,
 And is most Perfect under just Restraint.

Thus *Greece* and *Rome* were govern'd and were
 Great,

But, happier *England* ! this thy present State ;
 No

* Here the Prologue in Honour of Admiral VERNON begins.

No fierce Rebellion *Brunswick's* Throne annoys,
 No powerful Faction *Britain's* Peace destroys;
 Her Sons united now for Public Good,
 By one Consent the Common Foes withstood;
 And Heav'n, propitious to the Nation's Grief,
 Bids his beloved VERNON be its Chief;
 To quell *Iberia's* haughty Arrogance,
 And long-insulted *British* Fame advance,
 True Patriot like, the Hero could not see
 His passive Country's sham'd Indignity;
 See it by despicable Foes oppress'd,
 But just Repentment fir'd his honest Breast.
 Conscious of well-approv'd Abilities,
 Experienc'd Master of the *Indian* Seas,
 He leaves his favourite Joys in private Life,
 A lovely Offspring and beloved Wife;

To prove his Words, so universal known,
 That *Porto Bello*, great in Story grown,
 Cou'd be subdu'd by *Six brave Ships alone*.
 'Tis done ! may *VERNON's* Squadrons ne'er do less !
 Conduct and Bravery deserve Success.

'Tho' *Carthagena* be the boast of *Spain*,
 Its Forts are raz'd, her Shipping sunk or ta'en :
 What cou'd He more, Affairs so circumstanc'd,
 The Foe prepar'd, the Season far advanc'd ?
 His Men expos'd to an inclement Sky,
 By heavy Rains and Fogs, infected, die ;
 No Fault of thine, 'twas Justice to retire ;
 To Fame on Goodness rais'd Thou do'st aspire,
 The Troops, which must have perish'd, Thou
 hast spar'd,
 The Foe annoy'd too much to be repair'd,

At

At thy Return, shall to their Sorrow see,
 Thou hast secur'd an easy Victory,
 And future Ages pleas'd, shall make it known,
 Inscrib'd on Monumental Brass and Stone,
 With how much Resolution, Calmness, Care,
 Prudence and Courage, thy Proceedings were;
 Shall shew Thou hast restor'd the *British* Fame,
 And rais'd a glorious, lov'd, Immortal Name,

F I N I S.



[43]

As the "Hall to the South"

There had been an "Widow"

And there was a "Hall" which is known

And it is on the "Hall" and "Hall"

With how many "Hall" and "Hall"

Provinces and "Hall" and "Hall"

22 JY 63

And there was a "Hall" and "Hall"

And there was a "Hall" and "Hall"

And there was a "Hall" and "Hall"

F I N I S

